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"THE HANGING OF SAM ARCHER," AN INDIANA BALLAD

By PAUL G. BREWSTER

At least two Indiana ballads based on crimes, "Pearl Bryan"¹ and "Fuller and Warren" ("Ye Sons of Columbia"), have attained to something approaching countrywide circulation in oral tradition.² There are others, however, which are unknown except in the immediate vicinity of the tragedy and remembered even there by only a few people. The present song is representative of the latter group.

I first heard of the Archers about twenty-five years ago. From 1920 to 1922 I was teaching at Cuzco (Dubois County), a village about ten or eleven miles south of French Lick. During a part of this time I roomed at the home of Mr. Ellsworth Ellis, owner of one of the two general stores in the little town. Since the community offered nothing in the way of entertainment except for an occasional box supper, I began spending an hour or so each winter evening in the Ellis store, listening to the tall tales, the rough banter, and the reminiscing of loafers around the big stove. It was there that I heard the story of the Archer gang told by old man

¹ Although Pearl was murdered in Kentucky, she was a resident of this state at the time of her death. Her grave at Greencastle still attracts the attention of visitors to the town.

² The latter has been reported from West Virginia, Arkansas, Missouri, Texas, Maine, Nebraska, Michigan and Mississippi. I have intentionally omitted "Sam Bass" because Sam's career of crime and his violent death are a part of Texas, rather than of Indiana, history.

Stanfield, between whose family and the Archers there had been a feud during their residence in Kentucky.³

It was not until the summer of 1946 that my interest in the story was reawakened. In Shoals on business one day, I found it necessary to see one of the county officials at the courthouse. As I went up the front walk, the sight of the shade trees along either side of it recalled to my mind old man Stanfield's account, for it was on three of these trees, still standing, that the leaders of the Archer gang were hanged sixty years ago.

Although some knowledge of the activities of the Archers is necessary to an understanding of this song and of the circumstances leading to its composition, the complete story is much too long to be told here.⁴ The family home was in Lost River Township, Martin County, a particularly wild and rugged section. The leaders, or at least the most notorious members, were Tom and his brother Martin V. ("Big Mart")⁵ and two of the former's sons, John and Sam. Others younger and less important were "Little Mart," a nephew of "Big Mart," Albert, and Andrew. Various other men were associated with the Archers at different times, among them John Lynch, Granville Lynch, Mack Holt, Dave Crane, Charles Parker, and John Jackson (Johnson). Aside from their feud with the Stanfields, little is known of the Archers before their coming to this state, but their record in Martin and Orange Counties appears to have consisted of an almost

³ Bad feeling continued to exist between the families after their removal to Indiana, and several killings have occurred. Sometime in the late 1890's Annabel Stanfield was killed by Charles Archer, who claimed that her death was accidental and was subsequently acquitted. In 1920 or 1921 Roy Stanfield accused Clyde Archer of stealing some money from him. Their quarrel, which took place on a French Lick street, ended with young Archer's stabbing Stanfield to death with a knife hastily borrowed from a nearby butcher shop. Archer was acquitted on a plea of self-defense, but on August 15, 1922, was shot from ambush. John Stanfield, Roy's father, was accused and brought to trial but released for lack of evidence.

⁴ I hope eventually to publish the whole history of the Archer affair, including some hitherto unknown facts about Sam Bass and his association with the Archers.

⁵ During a brief sojourn in Missouri, "Big Mart" is reputed to have been associated with Jesse James. If so, the fact was unknown to his nephew Sam, who said in his confession: "Since I have been in here I have heard that Mart was once with the James boys, but never heard it before, and don't believe it is true."

unbroken series of crimes, culminating in the murder of Samuel A. Bunch. The gang, estimated at fifteen or sixteen men, split up into small bands of four or five each and terrorized the whole countryside. They stole timber rafts, burglarized stores in Prospect, Hillham, Orangeville, and West Baden, robbed peddling and notions wagons, stole cattle and hogs, set fire to houses, barns, granaries, and grain fields, tortured people to make them reveal the whereabouts of their money, and committed more than one murder.

In 1882 there began a chain of events which was to end forever all Archer depredations and to bring the four leaders to an ignoble death by hanging. Samuel A. Bunch, his hired man Samuel Marley, and "Little Mart" Archer, then only about eighteen years old, had formed a partnership to steal and sell logs from rafts being floated down the river. One day the latter was ill and unable to see the others and get his share of the money. When he asked for it later, he was told that the logs were sold "on time" and that no money would be forthcoming for a while. He accused both men of lying, and a violent quarrel followed. The trouble was soon patched up, however, and all seemed well. A few days later the three went together to French Lick. On the way home "Little Mart" was ambushed and killed by Marley. When relatives found his body in the woods next day, they at once set out to question Bunch concerning the whereabouts of Marley, who had disappeared. Although admitting that he had given Marley the pistol with which "Little Mart" was killed and that he had furnished the murderer with travel directions and given him a twenty-dollar gold piece, Bunch persistently disclaimed all knowledge of where his hired man could be found. After trying in vain for some time to make him talk, the gang tied him with hickory withes and took him to a cave near the home of Tom Archer, in Orange County. Here he was threatened with death if he continued his silence. When he still refused to reveal Marley's hiding-place, he was shot to death and his body was left in the cave. Fearing that it might eventually be discovered, the Archers returned several days later, removed the body, burned it on a pile of brush, buried some of the larger bones at the roots of a tree, and then felled another large tree so that the leafy top hid all traces of the brush fire.

The strange disappearance of Bunch remained a mystery

for nearly four years. People suspected that the Archers had a hand in it, but no one dared accuse them directly for fear of incurring their enmity. Then, too, there was no evidence on which to base such an accusation.⁶ In 1886 three things happened, any one of which alone would have sufficed to disclose Bunch's murder. "Big Mart" Archer influenced five boys, Albert and Andrew Archer, Johnny Jackson, Mack Holt, and Granville Lynch, to steal some guns from a blacksmith shop in French Lick and to rob the Wells store there. They were caught, and "Big Mart," who was something of a "jackleg" lawyer, volunteered to act as their counsel. However, he had already told the authorities that he would convict the boys for a stipulated sum (said to have been \$100), provided that he were given permission to talk with them alone. Fearing that they would be double-crossed too, the authorities concealed two witnesses in the room where the interview was to be held. When the boys, thinking themselves alone with "Big Mart," revealed where the guns were hidden, men were hastily sent to get them and bring them in as evidence. The five young burglars were soon sentenced, and Tom Archer, his son John, "Big Mart," and John Lynch were confined to the Martin County jail for questioning. Realizing that they had been double-crossed, the boys threatened to tell of the murder of Bunch if they were not released.

John Lynch began to feel that things were getting too "hot" for comfort, and wrote letters to several prominent Orange County citizens, offering to make full and complete confession of his own part in the murder in return for a promise of immunity. He also volunteered to take officers of the law to the cave where Bunch had been killed and to point out the sites of other murders committed by the gang. At about this same time the wife of John Archer, who had been deserted by him and who was then an inmate of the Martin County poorhouse, told to authorities what her husband had told her about the Bunch killing.

Lynch's offer to turn state's evidence against other mem-

⁶ Community interest in the disappearance was not prompted by any solicitude for Bunch, who seems to have been a thorough scoundrel. He fell afoul of the law in Tennessee and was forced to flee from that state. At one time he suggested to Sam Archer that they go to Tennessee and rob an old neighbor of his.

bers of the gang was accepted. He was twice moved for safekeeping, first to the Daviess County jail and then to Jeffersonville. Finally he was released to the custody of eight or ten responsible citizens of Martin County, whom he guided to the cave and later to the spot where Bunch's body had been burned. He was then returned to Jeffersonville.

At 12:30 on the morning of March 9, 1886, a quiet but determined mob of from seventy-five to one hundred men forced open the doors of the Shoals jail, tied up the sheriff to prevent his giving the alarm, removed Tom, "Big Mart," and John Archer from their cells, and hanged them in the courthouse yard. So efficiently and so silently was the work of the mob accomplished that its members had departed before the townspeople learned of the lynching. John's body was taken by his widow; Tom and "Big Mart" were buried in a single grave in the little Jackman Cemetery, located near the French Lick Springs Hotel golf course. Tradition has it that they were buried in the clothes in which they were hanged, with their boots on, and with the ropes around their necks.

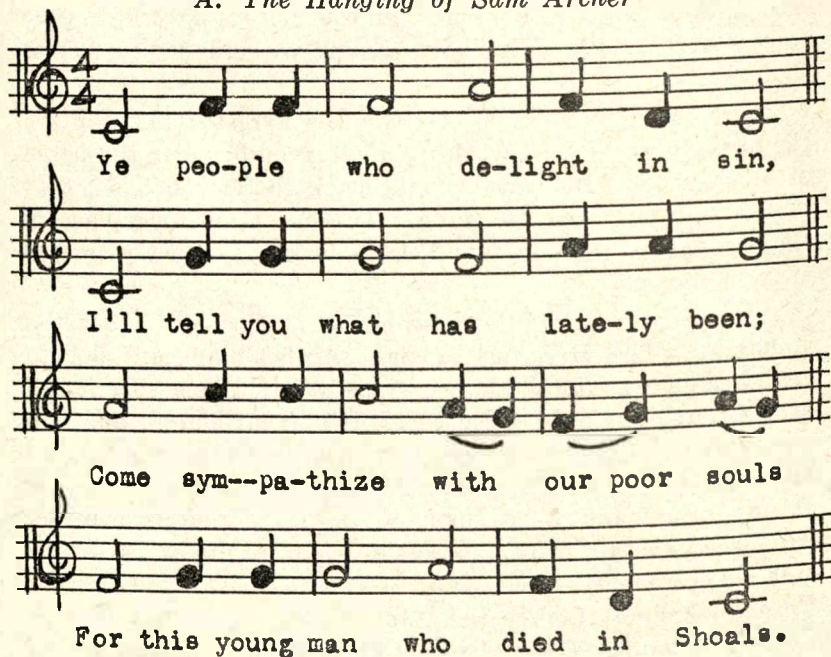
Three days later Sam Archer was arrested in Fountain County, where he was working at a sawmill under the name of Wolvington. He was brought back to Shoals, tried, convicted, and sentenced to hang. The execution took place in the courthouse yard on July 9, 1886, before a crowd estimated at five thousand.

Strangely enough, there seems to be no song about the lynching. "The Hanging of Sam Archer" appears not to have been very widely known, since a fairly long search has brought to light only three texts, two from Martin and one from Orange County. I have talked with several people who knew a great deal about the Archers but had never heard of any songs and were surprised to learn that one exists. All three variants in my possession came to me as the result of a little advertisement which I ran in the *Springs Valley Herald* (French Lick), the *Shoals News*, and the *Martin County Tribune* (Loogootee). I then secured needed information regarding the song and its singers through correspondence and through personal interviews with my informants. For the two tunes I am indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Mildred B. Mitcham, who was gracious enough to

spare time from her own work in order to note them for me.⁷

Since I was interested in knowing the reaction of the younger generation of Archers to a song commemorating the shameful death of an ancestor, I asked the question of each informant. So far as I have been able to discover, the singing of it aroused no resentment in them. Only Mrs. Spurgeon, my French Lick informant, who lives in a county containing many descendants of the family, wrote me: "I do not know what the attitude of the Archer family was toward the song. But I did hear one time, but don't know where it started, that the Archer family did resent the singing of it. You see, I don't know the Archers, and what little I know is just what I heard." Both the singers and many other persons with whom I have talked speak of Sam Archer in pitying terms, this despite the fact that he admitted having fired four shots into Bunch's body. The composer's own feeling is clearly evident in every line of the song.⁸

A. The Hanging of Sam Archer



Ye peo-ple who de-light in sin,
I'll tell you what has late-ly been;
Come sym--pa-thize with our poor souls
For this young man who died in Shoals.

⁷ Mrs. Spurgeon, contributor of *C*, sings the song, but I have not yet been able to get her tune.

⁸ I cannot say that I know definitely who the composer was, but I believe that certain information which has only recently come into my possession will eventually enable me to identify him.

It is so hard for us to say
He was executed here today;
It was a gloomy sight to see,
Alas, too much for poor me.

We see him on the trap door,
So brave he views the crowd o'er;
The officer with his gray hairs
In his eyes were standing tears.

O see the sheriff pull down the cap
And jerk the lever of the trap;
In Heaven I trust we'll meet
Where he'll be loosed both hands and feet.

For the murder of Bunch he was arraigned,
In Shoals dungeon bound and chained;
Upon this he had to rely
Until the ninth day of July.

"Oh, Mother, Mother," he did cry;
"You're to blame because I die;
I was trained when I was young
For which this day I'm to be hung.

"My brother Mart was shot and gone;
My father was hung and so was John.
I have one brother yet at home;⁹
Have mercy, God, upon that one."

His little brother in wild despair
He wrung his hands and tore his hair;
His little spirit seemed a wreck,
His quivering lip and burning cheek.

Mourning friends with tearful eyes,
To you all this may surprise;
We fear the gallows now awaits
For more of his associates.

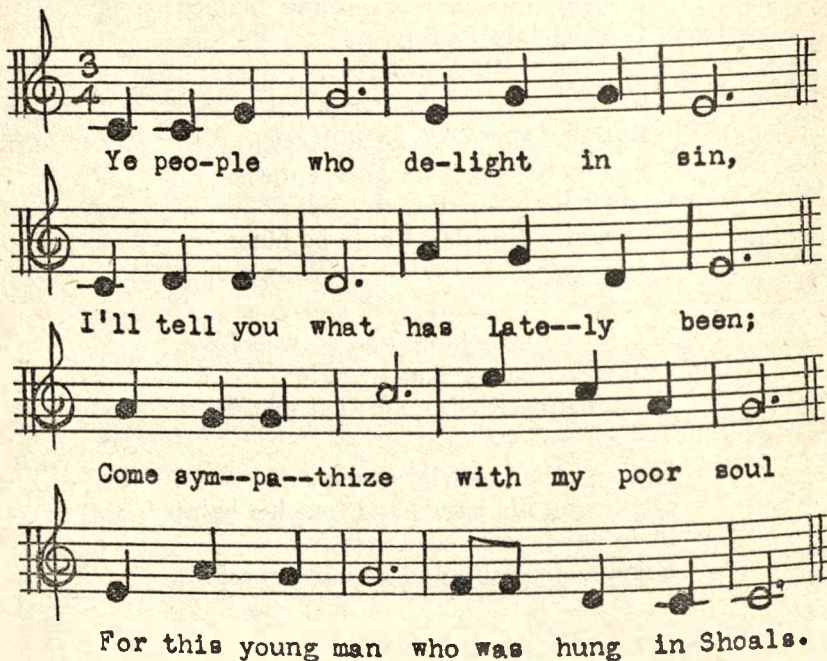
⁹ This brother, Tom Archer, still lives on a farm a few miles from Shoals.

Come now, young men, be warned by me
 To shun all evil company;
 Upon your knees for mercy cry
 Before, like Archer, bound to die.

Text sent to me in a letter of August 20, 1946, by Mrs. Ethel Hitchcock, of Indian Springs, Martin County. Mrs. Hitchcock learned the song from the singing of a girl school-mate while in grade school. Tune taken down August 29.

B. Sam Archer

Text sent me on August 13, 1946, by Mrs. Emma McBride, of Shoals, Martin County. Mrs. McBride learned her version of the song from the singing of an old blind man. Tune taken down on August 29.



Ye peo-ple who de-light in sin,
 I'll tell you what has late-ly been;
 Come sym--pa--thize with my poor soul
 For this young man who was hung in Shoals.

It was so hard for us to say
 He was executed here today;
 It was a glimmering sight to see
 And to much for poor me.

We see him on the trap door,
So brave he views the crowd o'er;
The officer with his gray hairs
And in his eyes was standing tears.

To see the sheriff pull down the cap
And jirk the lever of the trap;
In Heaven I trust we'll meet,
Where he'll be loosed both hands and feet.

For the murder of Bunch he was arraigned,
In Shoals dungeon bound and chained;
Upon this he had to rely
Until the 9th day of July.

Mother, Mother, you need not cry;
You are the cause that I'm to die;
You taught me this when I was young
And for this day I'm to be hung.

My brother Mart was shot and gone;
My father was hung and so was John.
I have one brother left at home;
Have mercy, God, upon that one.

Come young men be warned by me
To shun all evil company;
Upon your knees for mercy cry
Before, like Sam Archer, bound to die.

C. The Hanging of Sam Archer

Text sent me on August 7, 1946, by Mrs. Frank Spurgeon, of Route 2, French Lick. Learned from her mother, Mrs. Anna Butler. Mrs. Spurgeon writes that she has never heard it sung by anyone else.

You people who delight in sin,
Come listen what has lately been,
And sympathize with our poor souls
For this young man who died in Shoals.

For the murder of Bunch he was arraigned
In the Shoals dungeon bound and chained;
And upon this he must rely
Until the 9th day of July.

We see the sheriff pull down the cap
And pull the lever of the trap;
In heaven we trust that we shall meet,
Where he'll be loose, both hands and feet.

"Oh, Mother, Mother," he did cry,
"You are to blame because I die;
For I was taught when I was young
To do this deed for which I'm hung.

"My brother Mart is shot and gone;
My father was hung and so was John.
I have one brother yet at home;
Have mercy, God, upon that one!"

His little brother in wild despair
He ring his hands and tore his hair;
His little spirit seemed a wreck,
With quivering lips and burning cheeks.

All you young men be warned by me
To shun all evil company;
Down on your knees for mercy cry
Before, like Archer, bound to die.

This is only one of a number of ballads composed on crimes and tragedies in the state. Their recovery poses a challenge, though not an unsolvable problem, to the collector. One endowed with plenty of patience and persistence and blessed with a fair amount of leisure time could, I believe, bring to light some interesting songs of this type, particularly if he chanced to live within a reasonable distance of the scene. There is, for example, a ballad on the murder of Nora Kiefer and the throwing of her body into Pigeon Creek (Vanderburgh County), another on the slaughter of the Rattan family by Bud Stone (Daviess County), and still another on the Reno brothers, a band of train robbers (Jackson County), whose

exploits fired the youthful fancy of Sam Bass, then living near Mitchell. A gang similar to that of the Reno brothers flourished in Ripley County during the latter part of the last century, and may very well have been the subject of a song. Indeed, a sizeable monograph could probably be written on Indiana songs of this kind.

Bloomington, Indiana

A QUERY ABOUT JOHN RENO

By FRANK WARNER

It has been my privilege to be on several programs recently with Vice-President L. W. Horning of the New York Central System, a confirmed Hoosier. We were out at Elkhart not long ago, and on our way home he told me some very interesting stories about his boyhood in Indiana, and asked me if I knew any songs about John Reno, "the world's first train robber." The next day Mr. Horning sent me "The Life of John Reno" written by John himself, edited by Robert W. Shields, and I read it with a great deal of interest.

But sad to relate, there were no songs.

I expect to appear with Mr. Horning a number of times in the future since our work is very closely connected. It would please me no end to be able to sing a song about this railroad desperado.

If you could help me out by putting me on the trail of one, I would be obliged no end.

National Council of the Y. M. C. A.

347 Madison Avenue
New York City

SOME TURKISH FOLKTALES

By WILLIAM HUGH JANSEN

In the early spring of 1946, I was confronted with the problem of teaching the English language to a group of young Turkish college students at Indiana University. In passing, it should be remarked that a very rewarding experience this was indeed—at least to the teacher, who had in his charge a group of exceedingly intelligent and personable young men, whose pleasant character and great ambitions—whose tremendous will to learn—he will never forget.

In casting about for subjects for composition, I hit upon the device of having the students retell anecdotes which they already knew. The theory behind this assignment was that it would give the student only the problem of composition, not the problem of invention as well. Also it would provide the student with the exercise of expressing, in English, many types of material as well as what are frequently called "living situations"—i. e., family relationships, societal patterns, government organization, market exchange, and the like. The method served its purpose very successfully, I believe, and yielded the additional profit of supplying me with an ever-growing collection of folktales and folksay, with a source of social rapport with my students, and with the knowledge of a rather unusual social function of folklore in a national pattern.

As I had supposed—perhaps as I had predetermined by the nature of my illustrations in setting forth the assignments—I received a goodly number of Nasreddin Hoça (more nearly Hodja in pronunciation) stories. However, as will be seen, there were many other types of stories. None of these grouped themselves about a single figure as do the Nasreddin tales. However, interviews yielded the fact that some of these tales are single representatives of large groups or classes of tales. And the existence of a whole large class of tales—the Bektashi stories—came to light in discussion, although there was no hint of such a group of tales in the written material I had collected up to the time of the interviews.

The place of these tales in the national life of Turkey differs, at least in degree and very markedly so—if not in nature,—from the place of folktales in our national life. According to group discussions over breakfast with Sinasi Aykin, Bedi Dinçel, and Mehmet Ali Kaçi, all Turkish students at Indiana

University in the fall of 1946, these tales and anecdotes are a part of the national consciousness of Turkey. Everyone knows many tales. In daily existence one is fairly certain of coming face to face with these tales in some form or another. To cite only a few of the examples given by these students:

If one has a daily calendar—as he is likely to—each day's page will contain historical data, bits of scientific information, "household hints," *and* a folktale. Every library contains one or more collections of anecdotes—particularly about the omnipresent Nasreddin Hoca—and these collections are popular. The daily newspaper is likely to contain, as filler or as features, folktales or anecdotes. If one attends a social gathering, he is likely to hear a popular anecdote or to tell one to illustrate a quality or characteristic under discussion. Indeed, one may tell a story and insert the name of a present friend in place of that of the dupe or the hero of the tale—a device not unknown to American folk narrators. If one is a student, he will hear his teachers use this material as a teaching technique—to enliven class, to supply relief from particularly tense work, to drive home a point in an argument. It is probably in this last way that anecdotes about such figures as the French physicist Ampère get into oral circulation. In this connection, it is interesting that such American personalities as Lincoln, Edison, and Ford have existence in Turkish oral tradition.

To stress the oral aspect of the tradition, I should say that every one of my students is very positive that far more stories exist by oral circulation than by printed circulation, that most of the printed stories go from the oral tradition to the printed page, and that there is very little traffic in the reverse direction. Indeed the suggestion that one student might have translated his story from a printed source was obviously felt to be an implication that he was not "sporting," that his store of tales was not sufficient to meet the demands.

The tellers of the particular tales presented here should be introduced. They are Sinasi Aykin, nineteen years old, and Bedi Dınçel, twenty-four, both of Istanbul; Mehmet Asim Gonullu, twenty-one, of Melatya, and Mehmet Gurpinar, twenty-one, of Izmir—all four now at Indiana University; and, the following formerly at Indiana University but now at Purdue, Kiliç Solu, twenty, of Ankara; Dogan Kabalak, twenty-one, of Izmir; and Ozdemir Korurek, twenty-six, of

Kabriz and Ankara. Mehmet Ali Kaçi, who supplied some of the background information used above, is about twenty-five, a native of Istanbul, and currently at Indiana University.

The method of presentation of the following tales needs only a little explanation. The titles which are in quotes were provided by me, the others being supplied by the tale-tellers. Except when otherwise indicated, the stories were *written* down by the students; i. e., this is the language of a student whose acquaintance with English at the time was of about two or three month's duration. Any necessary changes made by the collector for grammatical reasons or for the sake of meaning are enclosed in parentheses; in a few instances, the parenthetical insert is one made by the student, mostly to indicate alternate words. The punctuation and spelling I have normalized.

I. NASREDDIN HOCA TALES

1. "*Borrowing a Pot*"

Informant: Ozdemir Korurek.

One day Nasreddin Hoca wanted his neighbor's big saucepan and after one week he sent it back to his neighbor. But he had put a small saucepan in the big saucepan.

After several days his neighbor asked him.

"There was another little saucepan in mine—why?"

Nasreddin Hoca answered him.

"Because your saucepan bred in my home."

"O. K., this is very good," said the neighbor.

After several weeks Nasreddin Hoca wanted it again from his neighbor. But this time he didn't want to give it back. After several days his neighbor wanted his own saucepan from Nasreddin Hoca.

"Nasreddin Hoca, our saucepan is necessary today to us."

Nasreddin Hoca answered him.

"But your saucepan died."

"Oh Nasreddin Hoca, do saucepans die at any time?"

Nasreddin Hoca answered him.

"Sure, if it breeds, why doesn't it die?" Accordingly, he had a big saucepan with a little one.

2. "*Mourning Mother's Death*"

Informant: Sinasi Aykin.

One day Nasreddin Hoca and his wife were at the table for lunch. That day they had a soup that looked very good.

At first time, Hoca's wife took a spoon of soup but she began to cry because the soup was very warm. When Hoca saw (this), he asked his wife:

"Why are you crying?" Then Hoca's wife answered:

"I remember my mother, because she liked this soup. But now she is dead."

Hoca can't understand and he took a spoon of soup but he began too to cry. Then his wife asked Hoca, because of his tears,

"Why are you crying?"

Hoca answered:

"I am crying for your mother's death who gave you to me before (her) death."

3. *"Hoca and Timor"*

Informant: Bedi Dinçel—oral transmission.

Hoca was living in Anatolia at the time of Timor (Tamberlaine). Timor heard of how clever Hoca was and sent for him. He invited Hoca to dinner. When Hoca came to eat, Timor showed him out the window the hens in the garden. They were standing on one foot.

Timor said, "Why do hens have only one foot in your country?"

Hoca said, "All people in my town have only one foot."

Timor said, "That is impossible. We, all men, have two legs." Timor realized Hoca was lying. So he called to his gardener to chase the hens out of the garden. He did, and the hens ran away using two legs.

Timor said, "You see you were lying. If you lie to Timor, you will have to run away from here not on one or two feet but on all four feet."

4. *"Noah's Dove a Male"*

Informant: Kiliç Solu.

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, Nasreddin Hoca met his friend and they talked everything over; then his friend said to Nasreddin Hoca.

"Do you know what kind of bird took the branch of olive to (the) ship of Noah? I mean, was the bird feminine (woman) or masculine (man)?"

"I suppose he was (the latter)!"

"How (do) you know?"

"If the bird should be (a) woman, then she would want to say everything—I mean, women can not be quiet (for a)

long time—and so maybe the branch of olive should go down (would have been dropped)."

5. *Forty Years' Vinegar*

(i. e., vinegar that is forty years old.)

Informant: Dogan Kabalak.

One day a man asked Hoca, "Mr. Hoca, do you have forty years' vinegar?" Hoca said, "Yes, I have."

"May you give me a small piece?"

"No, I may not."

"Why?" asked the man and he took this answer.

"If I gave it to everybody, I would not be able to have forty years' vinegar now."

6. *A Bag of Gold*

Informant: Dogan Kabalak.

Everyday Hoca prays (to) God and he wants so much money. One of Hoca's neighbors sees that and he wishes to jest with Hoca. One day Hoca was praying again. He heard a noise in the fireplace. This noise was the noise of a bag of gold which the neighbor threw down the chimney. Hoca took it with pleasure and delight.

Next morning the neighbor came to control (to check upon) Hoca's position. Hoca could not stay in his place. The neighbor saw Hoca's seriousness and he began to explain this incident. Hoca did not believe him. They could not understand each other and the neighbor proposed to go to a judge to solve this problem. Hoca told him that they could not go like that. If the neighbor would buy a horse and a fur coat (for him), then he would go. The man bought them. Then they went to the judge.

The poor man told the judge with a great sorrow all (the) events. At this time Hoca interrupted his neighbor. "This is a foolish man; don't believe his talking. If you will ask him about my coat and my horse, I fear he will say that they belong to him."

The man who became bewildered said: "Sure, those are mine."

The judge who heard this sentence said to him, "You are talking through his hat, get out!"

7. *"The Lost Mind"*

Informant: Ozdemir Korurek.

One day people say, "Your wife lost her mind," to Nasreddin Hoca.

Nasreddin Hoca begins to think.

The people ask him, "Why do you think?"

Nasreddin Hoca answered: "That is because my wife had no mind. I wonder what she did lose."

8. *Nasreddin Hoca and Beggar*

Informant: Ozdemir Korurek.

One day, while Nasreddin Hoca is sitting in his home, some beggar knocks on his home's door. Nasreddin Hoca is on the second floor. When the door is knocked, he looks out of the window. And he asks him: "What do you want?"

The beggar answered: "Please, come here, just one minute."

When Nasreddin Hoca gets to the door, the beggar wants alms from him. Nasreddin Hoca becomes angry, but he doesn't show his own anger. And Nasreddin Hoca said to him, "Come upstairs." When the beggar came upstairs Nasreddin Hoca said to him, "Let God give."

9. *Medicine for the Eyes*

Informant: Ozdemir Korurek.

Someone asked a medicine for his eyes from Nasreddin Hoca. And Nasreddin Hoca said, "Several days ago, my tooth pained. The best medicine was to pull it out. And I pulled it out."

10. *Nasreddin and the Robber*

Informant: Ozdemir Korurek.

One day, a robber entered Nasreddin Hoca's home. The robber had taken all Nasreddin Hoca's luggage. But the robber in going awakened Nasreddin Hoca and Nasreddin Hoca saw him. As the robber left, Nasreddin Hoca got up and took up his bed and he put it on his own back. And he went after the robber. Accordingly, they went a long time. But the robber felt that someone was following him. When the robber looked backwards, he saw Nasreddin Hoca; and he was confused. But the robber worked to make it appear that he was not confused.

The robber asked Nasreddin Hoca:

"Where are you going, Nasreddin Hoca, at midnight?"

Nasreddin Hoca answered him.

"I don't know, but I think, we are moving my home."

II. BEKTASHI TALES

Informants: Sinasi Aykin and Bedi Dinçel—oral transmission.

(Is there any other group of tales, like the Nasreddin Hoca stories, or any other popular hero for tales?)

No, except the Bektashi. The Bektashi are religious group in the Mohammedan religion (despite my anthropological training that the word *Mohammedan* is anathema, my Turkish students almost never use the word *Islamic*). They didn't pay any attention to not drinking alcohol or to other rules. They were not conservatives. Whenever you tell a story about drinking, you tell it about the Bektashi.

11. *"The Bektashi and the Cemetery"*

Informant: Bedi Dinçel—oral transmission.

One day a Bektashi was walking through the country. He was coming to a village when he passed a burying place. What do you call it? A cemetery. He stopped and read the stones. One said: "This is so-and-so, who was 89 when he died; he lived five years." The Bektashi was surprised and pretty soon he read another stone and it said, "So-and-so died when he was 60 and lived three years," or something like that. Then another said that so-and-so was 65 and lived only a couple of years, and another said the dead man was 59 and lived only, maybe, a day.

About this time a man came by. The Bektashi called him and asked him if he belonged to the village. The man said he did. The Bektashi asked him if he knew what the stones meant. The man told him that the men buried here had not always been happy and counted only their happy days as living. The Bektashi thought that was a good idea and said that when he died his stone would say that he died without living.

12. *"The Bektashi and the Pig"*

Informants: Bedi Dinçel and Sinasi Aykin—oral transmission.

One day a pig, you know a pig is bad in the Mohammedan religion, a pig went into a mosque. The people began to chase it, and slap it, and hit it until they killed it. They carried it out and left it on the street in front of the mosque. A Bektashi was there and saw the dead pig. He looked at it and said, "Oh, pig, did you not know that it was not safe

to go into a mosque. Now you are dead. Why did you not ask me? I could have told you. Look, I am alive and I never go into a mosque."

13. *"Army versus Navy"*

Informant: Bedi Dinçel—oral transmission.

There are lots of stories about drinking alcohol and you tell them about the Bektashi. One time in the fast days, when you're not supposed to drink or eat anything, a Bektashi was very drunk. The soldiers found him on the street and took him and started to take him to jail. The Bektashi broke away and jumped into a pool. The soldiers came to the edge of the water and the Bektashi said, "Go away. This is water. You have no control here. This belongs to the Admiral."

14. *"Selim and the Bektashi"*

Informant: Sinasi Aykin—oral transmission.

The Nasreddin Hoca stories are much older than a story like this.

One time there was a Sultan who was very strict about the religious restrictions. One night he went out walking to look for drinking people. He came to a village and saw a light. He went to the house and went in. There he saw everyone smoking and drinking. So he sat at a table and ordered opium and alcohol for himself because he wanted to meet the people and talk with them. No one came over to his table, until a Bektashi came. The Sultan asked the Bektashi for his opinion about the religious restrictions. The Bektashi said how bad they were and he said bad things about the cruelty of the Sultan Selim. He said many things against the Sultan.

Then the Bektashi said, "What's your name?"

The Sultan said, "Selim."

The Bektashi asked him, "Where do you live?" and the Sultan answered, "In the palace."

The Bektashi said, "What do you do in the palace?"

"Nothing."

The Bektashi said, "Your name is Selim, and you live in the palace, and you do nothing." The Bektashi knew now it was the Sultan and he knew the Sultan was very cruel.

So the Bektashi jumped up at the table and shouted, "Hey, people, come to my funeral!" And he died right there.

III. MISCELLANEOUS TALES

15. "Free Drinks"

Informant: Mehmet Gulpinar.

One day one man was going on the way. He wanted to drink and he had not very much money. And he went to the bar, sat down on a chair.

The waiter came and asked him:

"Sir, what do you want?"

"One glass (of) beer."

One glass of beer came and he drank quite slowly, his money finished. But he wanted to drink much.

He caught a house-fly and put (it) down in the glass (of) beer. And cried:

"Waiter, come here." (waiter came) "What is the matter?" (he is shown the fly)

Waiter said:

"Oh sir, silence, please. Don't let our customers (hear). I shall bring another."

The second beer came and he drank it; again he caught a fly. And he repeated this act a few times. At the end; the waiter said:

"Oh sir if the house-fly is no longer necessary for you, give me it please. I want to drink."

16. *Vizir and Pasha*

Informant: Mehmet Gulpinar.

There was a vizir (the prime minister) in (the) Ottoman Empire. This man was as much as possible capable and he was ordering all to the palace.

One time he gave the degree pasha (generalship) to one man, and he sent him to Cyprus. The Cyprus ass was famous.

Vizir had a boy. This boy said to his father:

"I want an ass to ride."

There was a time when vizir said to Pasha (general):

"You are going to Cyprus, send an ass for my son, please."

The time passed . . . One day Pasha came from Cyprus to (the) capital of (the) Ottoman Empire. And he visited his benefactor, this man (who) was Vizir. Pasha and Vizir were talking; Pasha said with admiration:

"Oh my Vizir, I forgot to bring the ass from Cyprus; I remembered it when I saw you."

"That is all right; you came here from Cyprus; that is enough for my son."

17. *Happiness*

Informant: Mehmet Gulpinar.

One man dreamt in his sleep. And in this dream one tells him:

"If you would like to be happy, wear the shirt of a happy man."

The first man had very much money, and he went to look for a happy man to buy his shirt.

Firstly he went to a king and said:

"Oh! my king you have all the land, the people, the army and the fortune. I'm sure you are happy. If you are happy give me your shirt, please."

The king answered him:

"No! I'm not happy. I'm the most unhappy of all the world's men."

The first man left the king's house and again he began to look for it. But he might not have found it.

One day one man said to him: "There is a happy man on this mountain; go there." He went there, and saw a man. This man was a farmer, and he was working on his field. The first man came to him.

"Oh! farmer, good work."

"Thanks, sir."

"Mister! are you happy?"

"Oh my sir, thanks, I'm happy."

"Will you give your shirt to me?"

"You see that I have no shirt."

Really he had not a shirt. The first man thought that "happiness is inside of everybody."

18. *The Irishmen Like to Fight*

Informant: Mehmet Gulpinar.

One day one Irishman came from Ireland to London. And he was going on in the street. He looked at two men (who were fighting) each other. Irishman wanted to fight and he went to the two men.

"Oh sirs, if your fight is not special (private), may I fight?"

19. *"The Clever Compliment"*

Informant: Mehmet Gulpinar.

The Emperor Souleman (Kamini Suleyman) had an obliging vizir. He was famous; therefore, the other vizirs were jealous of him. And (they) were looking for his mistakes.

One day the son of the Emperor married. The same time (the) Vizir married also. After the wedding party (the) Emperor and (the) Vizir were talking about the wedding party. (The) Emperor asked him.

"Which wedding party was better?"

"Yours was better," was the answer needed. But the Vizir said to him: "Certainly mine."

(The) Emperor became nervous and before killing him asked, "Why?"

"Because there wasn't a great man in your wedding party as in mine; you came (to) us, that is why my wedding party was better."

And so he saved himself.

20. *Neighborhood (Neighborliness)*

Informant: Dogan Kabalak.

Once one Cadi and one man had been neighbors. Both had houses and gardens. Both had planted vegetables, etc., and had nourished cows, oxen too. Their gardens were adjacent. Between two garden hadn't (there was no) hedge. One day (the) man's cow and oxen plucked (up) their halter and they went to Cadi's garden. So they ate all (the) vegetables. The man that heard this news ran to court.

He said to Cadi: "Your cows and oxen entered my garden and they ate all (the) vegetables. I shall sue you."

Cadi answered: "I am sorry. They are animals. They don't listen to and follow advice. For the sake of my neighborhood don't sue."

Man said: "That is O. K. I beg your pardon. Yours didn't enter my garden, mine entered your garden."

21. *Pear and Watermelon*

Informant: Dogan Kabalak.

One villager had a vineyard that was very near to town. Each morning he went to the vineyard on foot and each evening he came back to his house.

One day going to the vineyard he became tired and sitting at the foot of a pear tree he began to look about. In this time he perceived a kitchen garden that was opposite him. The villager looked once at (the) watermelons that were in (the) kitchen garden, looked once at (the) pears that were on the tree. He thought thus.

"Oh my God! Thou didn't think while creating nature. These pears should be on those small plants and those water-

melons on this tree." He dozing after a little time, a pear fell on his head. So the villager whose head became swelled said once more.

"Oh my God! I take back my observation. If a watermelon fell on my head, what should I be now?"

22. *"Mistaken Identity"*

Informant: Kiliç Solu.

There (was) a servant of the Sultana, who wanted to kiss the Sultana. He waited at a corner of the wall to kiss her and so he heard a noise of some feet and he thought that she was coming. He went to kiss (her) without seeing, and he did!—then he saw he was kissing the husband of (the) Sultana. The husband of the Sultana asked him.

"What is the mater with you?"

He forgot himself and he said, "I beg your pardon, I made you resemble your wife! . . . (I thought you were your wife.)"

23. *"Inherited Traits"*

Informant: Kiliç Solu.

There was a very famous old scientist. He was very intelligent but very ugly. A beautiful girl wanted to marry him and so she sent a letter to him. She was telling him in the letter.

"I love you. I haven't seen you but I have read your books. I learned your character from your books. I am very beautiful. If we will marry each other, think about our son. He will take his figure from me and he will take his wisdom from you. He will be without an equal. Let us get married." He answered the letter.

"O. K. beautiful girl! . . . my honey, but you should think if our son will take his figure from me and the worst if he will take his wisdom from you. What will we do?"

24. *"The Lost Ten Cents"*

Informant: Sinasi Aykin.

A long time ago one man had passed a street. Just then he had seen a crying boy.

When he saw that, he asked the boy, "Why are you crying?" and the boy answered, "I lost 10 cents."

Then the man gave 10 cents to the boy and he saw that the boy continued to cry and the second crying is very (much) louder than the first.

Then again the man asked the boy, "Why are you crying because I gave (you) 10 cents?"

That time the boy answered, "If I didn't lose, I would have 20 cents."

25. *A History of Two Men*

Informant: Sinasi Aykin.

One day Mr. A and Mr. B together were going for a walk. They were very good friends. They were like two brothers.

At one time of this walk they saw a bird. Then Mr. A said, "Look at this bird. What a big eagle!"

Mr. B said, "I think it is not (an) eagle. It is a vulture."

Then Mr. A said again loudly, "No, you are wrong. This is (an) eagle." And so they began to fight.

After two months they met each other. This time they hugged each other. They were very sorry because they were good friends and this subject was very meaningless.

At first time Mr. A began to speak.

Mr. A—I am very sorry. I think you are sorry too.

Mr. B—Yes, I am also. It was very meaningless.

Mr. A—Yes, you are right but it was (an) eagle.

Mr. B—No, I don't think so. I know you were wrong and—

Mr. A—No, No, No, you are making a mistake.

And so they began to fight again.

26. *"The Wise Decision"*

Informant: Mehmet Gonullu.

Years ago, there was a very intelligent man. When this man had gone to London he had heard a suit which had happened between a boy and a girl. The root of the claim is this: One day a boy and a girl had wanted to go out together, afterwards they had done it. In this trip, the boy had kissed the girl who had been wanting to be kissed by her companion. Afterwards, however, this girl had wanted to sue the boy in the court. In order to be able to win this claim, she had said to the judge: "This boy forced me to do everything with him. Whereas, I didn't want him to do everything with me."

Although this claim had been continuing for a long time, they hadn't been able to solve it. The man of whom I spoke before, had come to a hotel. After he had heard that and he had made the boy call on him, he said to him: "After arriving inside the court, when the judge has asked you something

about this claim, don't say anything and look like a deaf man. If you can do so, I shall be able to solve this claim in favor of you showing myself in your place."

Afterwards they had arrived inside the court. Although the judge had asked the boy something about this claim, he had shown himself as a man who couldn't hear anything. In this case, the suitor girl and the judge had been surprised. This intelligent man had said these purposes to the judge lifting his finger up: "May I say to you something in his place; because he is deaf? If this girl sues him, he will want to sue her too. Because, one day they had come out together. When he had wanted to kiss her and to do everything with her, she had cried and that time the membrane of his ear had been torn." Immediately, she had cried against the intelligent man: "No, you are wrong. I never cried, I didn't."

In this time, the intelligent man had said to the judge with tranquillity these purposes: "As she hadn't cried then, I can say that she had gone out with him with her own will. And he hadn't forced her to do everything with him."

27. "*Absent-Minded Ampère*"

Informant: Mehmet Gurpinar.

The famous Ampère was a very forgetful man. He worked alone in his laboratory, when he tried to solve a great problem. And he hung a sign on the door. The sign said:

"Ampère is not in."

One day he went to the market to buy something. And he went back to his home. But there was a sign on the door of his home:

"Ampère is not in."

He thought and said:

"Oh! that is O. K." And he went back again to the market.

28. "*Thunder Brings Rain*"

Informant: Mehmet Gurpinar.

One day Ampère and his wife were quarreling with one another. The woman was crying and Ampère was laughing. After a time she became nervous and she slapped her husband. This time Ampère laughed still more. She asked him:

"Why do you laugh still more?"

Ampère answered her:

"Because, after all the thunder, it was obvious it would rain."

THE COLLECTION OF PROVERBS IN INDIANA

By W. EDSON RICHMOND

As Professor Taylor points out in his recent *Journal of American Folklore* article "The Problems of Folklore," "... a standard collection of examples of a particular type of folklore represents a definition of that type."¹ Thus, Aristotle to the contrary, the ballads in Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* represent a definition of the popular ballad; the *märchen* in Grimm's *Kinder-und Hausmärchen* represent a definition of *märchen*. Not until such a collection of a particular type of folklore is made can any adequate generalized definition of the type be made. After such a collection is made, it is relatively easy for others to say, by reason of analogy, that this particular song is a ballad since it is similar to the ballads found in the Child collection. The collection itself makes the definition.

On the other hand, to point out the obvious, no collection of anything can ever be made unless the collector has in mind some basic definition by which to judge the material he collects, even though this definition is hardly more than a sort of intuitive feeling for the materials. To my knowledge, however, Professor Child never expressed a definition of the popular ballad in so many words. He did, it is true, have the great Danish collection done by Professor Grundtvig² for comparison, but his own definition seems to have been largely intuitive and based on a close acquaintance with large masses of folk-song. Yet it is now possible for us to go to Child's great collection of ballads and, after a careful examination of the whole body of material, to say as Professor Gerould does that:

A ballad is a folk-song that tells a story with stress on the crucial situation, tells it by letting the action unfold itself in event and speech, and

¹ Archer Taylor, "The Problems of Folklore," *JAF*, 59:103 April-June, 1946.

² Svend Grundtvig, *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, Vols. I-V, Copenhagen, 1853-90; continued, after Grundtvig's death, by Axel Olrik, with the title *Danske Ridderviser*, Vols. VI-VIII, 1898—; continued after Olrik's death by H. Grüner, now nearing completion.

tells it objectively with little comment or intrusion of personal bias.³

Thus the collector's personal, often unexpressed, definition makes the collection, and the collection makes the definition.

Neither in the English language nor in any other language so far as I know does there exist a definitive edition of proverbs. The purpose of this article is to request your assistance in the compilation of a definitive edition of the proverbs known and spoken in the United States, but since the edition does not yet exist no adequate definition of what is wanted can be given. However, as normal human beings engaged in daily conversation we all use proverbs, and most of the time, though not always, we recognize them for what they are. Few of us, however, can actually give a formal definition of a proverb that is full enough and accurate enough to be applied to everything which we readily accept as proverbial. What, for instance, do two such different sayings as "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" and "to call a spade a spade" have in common? The first is a complete sentence, the second merely a verbal phrase. It is not, then, their grammatical structure which makes them proverbs. It is true, on the other hand, that both are usually used as metaphors. But what about "Honesty is the best policy"? That, too, is a proverb, but it is a straightforward statement of fact seldom if ever used metaphorically.

To carry such dialectic further would be to labor the point. Many people have tried to give a formal definition of a proverb; few, if any, have succeeded. According to Aristotle, proverbs are remnants saved from the "... wrecks and ruins of ancient philosophy"⁴ by reason of their conciseness and cleverness and carried on by oral tradition. H. C. Wyld in his *Universal Dictionary of the English Language* defines a proverb as "A traditional, usually a trite, saying, embodying a commonplace experience or obvious truism, in a brief, often inelegant, form of words; an adage, saw," and the definition found in the *NED* is not far different. None of these definitions satisfies Professor B. J. Whiting,

³ Gordon Hall Gerould, *The Ballad of Tradition* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1932), 11.

⁴ Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, xi, 14; trans. by Sir Richard C. Jebb, ed. by John E. Sandys (Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1909), 176.

who has of late been actively engaged in the study of proverbs, and he contributes the following definition:

A proverb is an expression, which, owing its birth to the people, testifies to its origin in form and phrase. It expresses what is apparently a fundamental truth,—that is, a truism,—in homely language, often adorned, however, with alliteration and rhyme; it is usually true, but need not be. Some proverbs have both a literal and figurative meaning, either of which makes perfect sense, but more often they have but one of the two.⁵

This last, though not the most concise, appears to be the most embracing of the definitions available. But until the collection of proverbs is completed in America by the American Dialect Society with your help it would perhaps be best to say that a proverb is such things as "Virtue is its own reward," "to be up a tree," "Sweet are the uses of adversity," "a bed of roses," and "Candy's dandy, but liquor's quicker."

I have said earlier that no definitive edition of English proverbs exists, but I do not mean to imply that there are not some excellent collections of proverbs in existence. There are, for example, such collections as W. G. Smith's *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs* published in 1935 and Apperson's *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases* published in 1929, as well as the basic handbook for anyone interested in the field, Professor Taylor's *The Proverb*, published by the Harvard University Press in 1931 with an *Index* issued as No. 113 of the *FF Communications* in 1934. Proverbs may also be found in such standard works of reference as *Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations*, *Bentham's Book of Quotations, Proverbs, and Household Words*, and Christopher Morley's recent edition of *Bartlett's Quotations*, as well as in the many specialized collections derived from particular professions, authors, and localities. No one of these, of course, represents a complete picture of the English proverb, and even when taken jointly they leave much to be desired. Only the combined efforts of thousands of scholars and laymen can ever produce the complete picture.

⁵ B. J. Whiting, "The Nature of the Proverb," *Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature*, 14:302, 1932.

During recent years the American Dialect Society has sponsored a committee under the chairmanship of Miss Margaret M. Bryant of Brooklyn College for the collection of proverbs in the United States. Professor Bryant organized the project according to states and appointed a chairman for each state. These chairmen, in turn, appointed committees within their respective states. As a result, thousands of proverbs have already been collected.

So far as the State of Indiana is concerned, the collection of proverbs is well under way, but more help is needed. In June, 1944, Professor Bryant made a request for assistance in the pages of the *Hoosier Folklore Bulletin*,⁶ and on the pages immediately following her request there appeared two short lists of proverbs: one from Emma Robinson of Indianapolis, the other, a list of proverbs from Oklahoma and Missouri, from Lt. Jack P. Olevitch. In March, 1945, Marjory Titus Greene contributed a well-organized list of over two hundred proverbs from Greene County, Indiana, to the pages of the *HFB*.⁷ Even before Professor Bryant made her request, Mr. Paul G. Brewster had listed many proverbs in his *Hoosier Folklore Bulletin* article entitled "Folk Beliefs and Practices from Southern Indiana."⁸ Since that time, Dean Allen B. Kellogg of Indiana Central College, until recently chairman of the committee to collect proverbs in Indiana, has gathered through the medium of the committee and his classes in literature and composition some three or four thousand proverbs which are currently in the hands of Dean Ashton of Indiana University and the author. But your help is needed to complete the collection.

Not only is your help needed, but the help of your friends and neighbors is needed as well. Above all, the project needs publicity, and at the time of this writing a fivefold publicity program is projected for the State of Indiana. It is intended (1) to circularize a representative paper in every county and large city in the state; (2) to request assistance from the chairmen of the English departments in every college in

⁶ Margaret M. Bryant, "Collecting Proverbs," *HFB* 3:36 June, 1944.

⁷ Marjory Titus Greene, "Proverbs from Greene County, Indiana," *HFB* 4:1-10 March, 1945.

⁸ Paul G. Brewster, "Folk Beliefs and Practices from Southern Indiana," *HFB* 2:24-38 December, 1943.

the state; (3) to request assistance from each County Superintendent of schools in the state; (4) to circularize historical bulletins, educational publications, and other professional journals; and (5) to sponsor some brief radio broadcasts. If to this program could be added the effective grapevine of word-of-mouth publicity few people in the state should be neglected.

Proverbs may be found everywhere. One need merely listen to the conversation of his friends to collect scores of proverbs each day. One need merely practice eavesdropping in busses, streetcars, and on trains (as I am sure every good folklorist does as a matter of course) to collect scores of scores of proverbs each week. One need merely read his newspaper or his favorite book to collect hundreds of proverbs at any time. For example, less than five minutes spent with Mr. Paul G. Brewster's *Ballads and Songs in Indiana* produced the following: "as cold as stone," "catch your death of cold," "as tall as any crane," "coal black eyes," "true-lovers can never part," "true love ne'er runs smooth," and "love conquers kings and queens."

In closing I should like to emphasize the fact that it is better to err on the side of collecting too many proverbs than to err on the side of collecting too few; to err on the side of collecting things which may not actually be proverbs rather than to err on the side of missing some rather obscure proverbs which to you may seem absurdly familiar. And, at the risk of seeming to overemphasize the obscene by its mere mention, I should like to ask you not to neglect those proverbs which seem not to be meant for tender ears. When in doubt, collect, for "it's a wise child that knows its own father."

Appended below is a list of instructions for the collection of proverbs. Mimeographed copies of this list may be had by writing to the author, who will also be delighted to answer any questions which you may have about the project. All sayings will be filed in the archives of the American Dialect Society. From time to time pertinent collections will be printed in order to stimulate interest in further collecting, and, when an adequate amount of material has been compiled, it will be published in various regional studies, and, at last, in a *Dictionary of American and Canadian Proverbs*.

INSTRUCTIONS TO COLLECTORS OF PROVERBIAL SAYINGS

I. What to collect:

Collect any saying in English that has been adopted by the people. When in doubt, collect.

For example:

- (1) Folk proverbs appearing as complete sentences ("Good fences make good neighbors." "Misery loves company.")
- (2) Sententious sayings or proverbs of the learned in complete sentences ("Knowledge is power." "Brevity is the soul of wit.")
- (3) Proverbial rhymes: ("A mackerel sky is never long dry." "Man's work is from sun to sun, But woman's work is never done.")
- (4) Proverbial sayings not involving a verb ("A bed of roses")
- (5) Proverbial sayings not complete sentences ("To call a spade a spade.")
- (6) Proverbial comparisons and similes ("Whiter than snow," "Black as the ace of spades," "To kick like a mule.")
- (7) Wellerisms, involving a quotation with a facetious sequel (" 'There's no accounting for tastes,' as the old woman said when she kissed the cow.")
- (8) Modern facetious proverbs and rhymes ("A ring on the finger is worth two on the 'phone.")

II. Where to collect proverbial sayings:

Sources may be oral or written. Rural and secluded districts are especially rich in proverbial sayings, but everyone who participates in ordinary conversation makes use of scores of these traditional sayings. Collect from everyone; collect from everywhere. If the source is written, however, give the author (full name), book (full title), publisher, year of publication, and page number.

III. How to record proverbial sayings:

Record each saying exactly as you have heard it; do not polish it in any way, but give any variations you may know of.

Place each saying on a three by five inch card. In the upper right hand corner place the name of the state in which you found the saying. If the meaning of the proverb is obscure, explain the meaning in parentheses below the proverb. If convenient, further localize the saying on the back of the card and add any helpful note you care to about the source. Or, if you prefer, merely list the proverbs and their sources on ordinary foolscap.

Include your name and address with your list and send it to W. Edson Richmond, English Department, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. All sayings will be filed in the archives of the American Dialect Society. It is hoped that ultimately a Dictionary of American Proverbs can be published.

Indiana University

Bloomington, Indiana

AN INDIANA "MONSTER"

I should like to call the attention of the readers to an account of a monster which was said to inhabit Bass Lake, Lake Maxinkuckee, and Lake Manitou, moving from one to the other by means of subterranean passages. The article is by Donald Smalley, and it appears in the *Indiana Magazine of History* (42:248-267, September, 1946). The account of the monster—which was thought to be, among other things, the last survivor of the prehistoric mastodon—is based on stories and comments of the Logansport *Telegraph* and of the Logansport *Herald* of 1838 and 1839. The monster was the cause of considerable stir in and around Logansport; and, as the cause of more or less innocent merriment, it was written up in the newspapers of New York and Boston, as well as in those nearer the scene of its wanderings.

The Editor

NOTES

Readers are invited to participate in this department by using it as a clearing house for folklore information of all kinds, to report variants of stories or songs or other material given in preceding issues, or to discover from other readers variants of unpublished lore that has been collected or remembered.

NAMES, NOVEL AND NONSENSICAL

By PAUL G. BREWSTER

Out of the ordinary and odd-sounding names have always been a source of amusement, and many are the jokes told of queer names selected by proud parents for their helpless offspring. There is, for instance, the story of the colored woman who at the christening of her baby boy calmly announced that the name to be bestowed upon him was "Pizzlum Siv," adding that she had found it in the Bible. Upon the officiating clergyman's scandalized remonstrance that such a name was not within the covers of Holy Writ, she picked up the Bible, turned the pages with practiced fingers, and pointed triumphantly to Psalm CIV. Then there is the story of the colored girl who told her teacher that her name was Iwilla, later explaining that the full name was "I will arise and go to my father," a form of nomenclature reminiscent of Puritan times. One is reminded, too, of the mother who named her youngest child Onyx because, as she said, it had arrived so "unexpected." Then there is the classic of the Scotchman who, unexpectedly detained in the city and unable to return home that night, decided to inform his wife of the fact by a telegram. Shocked to the depths of his canny soul at the telegraph rates, he inquired if any charge was made for the signature. Upon being told that there was not, he said to the clerk, "Aweel, I'm thinkin' I'll just send my signature then. Believe it or not, I'm an Indian and my name is I-won't-be-home-until-Saturday-night."

While the truth of the above stories is open to some question, there need be no doubt in the mind of the reader regarding the actuality of the names which follow. Many of the persons named are personal acquaintances of the writer, who has

known some of them for years. By far the greater number, however, were gleaned from the registration files of the local United States Employment Service offices in Bloomington and Bedford. What is presented here is, of course, only a small sample.

MEN

Acie, Aden, Aesop, Ai,¹ Aldo, Ancel, Ariel, Arcus, Arnom, Arved, Arsilian, Avril, Artle, Atlee.

Beachel, Benno, Blish, Burlie, Buthyl, Busy, Burnia

Carnie, Chess, Chelcie, Cletus, Cleadious, Cleophus, Cloice, Collie, Coy, Cubie

Damon, Dareld, Desco, Deare, Dee, Donnis, Dorval

Earlus, Eartho, Earmel, Elger, Elvet, Elbe, Elbern, Ensie, Ercel, Esco, Etna

Flavie, Frobél

General, Glade

Hermel

Ivis

Janral, Justus

Kenna, Knofel

Lark, Lavon, Lebert, Lethel, Loba, Lorney, Louisiana, Llano Estocado

Mancel, Marse, Melo, Milo, Murtis

Nineveh, Norvin

¹ This, incidentally, is the shortest given name I know. It is Biblical, the name of a little village about fifteen miles almost due north of Jerusalem.

Odin, Ofel, Olandis, Onus, Osceola, Othmar, Ottoman, Ovel, Orla, Ozro

Pallas, Pikey, Pink, Possie, Purlee

Raldy, Renos, Rilin, Rooney, Rousseau

Sharp, Sylvan

Thelbert, Theory, Thurlow, Trevor, Tyra

Uber

Vaud, Verlin, Veryl, Vester, Vestal, Vesper, Volney, Vesco, Vience, Vertis

Wathen, Waver, Wavy, Weltha, Wirtsel

Yancie

Zelbert, Zenos

WOMEN

Acheah, Acre, Aleda, Alvena, Armina, America, Arizona, Amzel, Arviagene

Bertine, Birdie, Billie Burke, Blandina, Brata, Berneeta, Beverene, Bo-Peep

Cenith, Cledith, Chleona, Curfew, Clorral, Chessie, Clois

Delphi, Dimple, Dorene, Dicy, Dovie

Electa, Erlena, Eithel, Ervenia

Faustina, Fleta, Fonedra, Frischia

Glodeen, Gladine, Grethel, Gotha, Gleeda, Glenana

Halloween

Illena, Isis, Imo, Iro, Ivory,² Izota

Jetta, Jauna, Jamia,³ Junalee, Junetta, Juna

Ledona, Lodena, Luna, Leara, Ladonna, Lemona, Luvena

Macel, Marselee, Marvel, Mayphus, Maudelina, Meda, Montana, Minno

Neva, Nollie

Odessia, Onita, Ova

Parthenia, Phema, Precious, Precious Jewel

Quilla

Reba, Rhena, Rheadawn, Rhodella, Rilla, Roma

Savannah, Senora, Sestie, Spicie, Sula

Thora, Thomazine, Trellah, Treva, Truly

Ura

Vavra, Vanga, Vingia, Viva, Vernetta

Wren

Zada, Zelphia, Zenna, Zinnia, Zora

There's Ai and Acre, Arsilian and Avis,
And Acie, and Avril, and America Davis;
With Ancel and Birdie and Burlie and Collie,
And Cledith, Chleona, and Cenith, by golly!

There's Curfew and Desco and Dareld and Dee,
With Earmel and Esco and Etna, we see;
There's Frischia, Glenana, and Gotha, and Gay,
With General Sanders a-leading the way.

² A colored girl!

³ Named for her father, James.

Next come Hermel and Ivis and Ivory, too,
And Janral and Jamia with Justus for you;
There's Lorney, Ledona, Luvena, and Lark,
And Lethel and Llano Estocado Clark.

Then Loba and Minno and Murtis and Macel,
With Mancel and Norvin (his first name is Basil);
There's Nineveh, Othel, Olandis, and Oral
(Bless me if this doesn't begin to sound choral!)

There's Ozro and Othmar and an Ottoman cruel,
And Precious (not to mention a Precious Jewel);
There's Parthenia, too, and Pallas (Athena),
With Renos and Rilla and Reba and Rhena.

There's Sula, Senora, and Spicie, and Sharp,
With Thomazine, Thelbert and Theory (don't carp!)

There's Ura and Vesper, Wavy and Zenos,
Vestal and Volney, Vingia and Venus,
With Zelbert and Zelfhia and Zora Mae Mount,
And Zenna and Zinnia just to fill out the count.

L'envoi

We'd forgotten Bo-Peep and Buthyl and Coy
And Dimple and Damon (a broth of a boy!)
With Knofel, Ladonna, Osceola the brave,
And Sestie and Uber and Viva and Wave.

Bloomington, Indiana

ANNUAL MEETING

The ninth annual meeting of the Hoosier Folklore Society was held August 10, 1946, in the Union Building, Indiana University.

The afternoon meeting was opened with a short business session, at which William Hugh Jansen presided. The minutes of the last meeting, the secretary's report, and the treasurer's report were read and approved; and the president appointed a nominating committee. The editor gave an account to the

members of how the *Hoosier Folklore Bulletin* became the new, printed *Hoosier Folklore*. The members expressed their appreciation to the Indiana Historical Bureau for making the new publication possible.

Professor Stith Thompson presided over the remainder of the session, at which the following program was presented:

"A Plea for the Collection of Proverbs in Indiana," W. Edson Richmond, English Department, Indiana University

"Collecting Experiences, Particularly among the Miners," Wayland D. Hand, Assistant Director of the Folklore Institute of America, Member of the Department of Germanic Languages, University of California at Los Angeles

"Trailing the Negro Realistic Folklore," J. Mason Brewer, Director of Research, Samuel Huston College, Austin, Texas.

"The Manner of Collecting Songs," David S. McIntosh, Head of the Department of Music, Southern Illinois Normal University, Carbondale, Illinois

"Some Examples of Southern Folklore," Richard Chase, Director of Public Recreation, Charlottesville, Virginia.

At the dinner meeting in the evening William Hugh Jansen, President of the Society, served as toastmaster. The membership approved the following slate of officers:

President: Miss Margaret Sweeney

Vice-president: Miss Nellie M. Coats

Secretary-treasurer: Mrs. William Hugh Jansen

Editor: Ernest W. Baughman.

The following appointments by the editor were announced:

Associate Editor: William Hugh Jansen

Regional Editor: David S. McIntosh

Regional Editor: Ivan Walton.

The address of the evening was given by Professor Levette J. Davidson of the University of Denver. Professor Davidson spoke on "Folklore Activities in Colorado."

THE EDITOR.

A QUESTION ON WEATHER LORE

By HOWARD H. PECKHAM

As a corn-and-bunion weather prophet, it grieves me to note a seeming inconsistency in Miss Smith's article on "Folklore from 'Egypt,'" in the June issue of your esteemed magazine. On page 62 is the verse:

Sun red at morning
Sailor's warning;

The implication here is clearly that a red sunrise means a bad day. However, in the next verse this forecast is seemingly contradicted by the fact that the "Red morning helps the traveler on his way." The verse as I learned it was:

Evening red and morning gray
Sets the traveler on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Brings down showers upon his head.

This *Michigan* version is consistent with the meaning of the first verse.

Indiana Historical Bureau

Indianapolis, Indiana

(Perhaps Mr. Peckham is unduly concerned about inconsistency in folklore. However, the difficulty in the quatrain mentioned seems to arise from an error in copying or in typesetting—especially since the quatrain uses "morning red and evening gray" in both instances. We are willing to accept the Michigan version as correct folklore.—The Editor.)

BOOK REVIEWS

Land of Promise, Walter Havighurst. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1946. 348 pages. \$3.00.

Carrying as its subtitle, *The Story of the Northwest Territory*, this charming book will make pleasant and profitable reading for all those who have any interest, great or small, in the vast region that was for so many years virtually a *terra incognita* for those who lived east of the Alleghanies. Its mixture of legend, history, and folklore will provide delightful entertainment for all who read it.

This book is divided into four principal parts, which are in turn subdivided. These parts are: I. The Oldest Sounds in the World (pp. 3-46); II. The Winning of the West (pp. 49-153); III. The Restless Nation (pp. 157-308); IV. Four-Thousand-Mile Shoreline (pp. 311-366). These headings give a good idea of the scope and content of the book. No specific chapters are given over entirely to folklore, history, geography or kindred subjects, but there is a pleasant and skillful blending of the many elements that rightly go into the making of such a book and which went into the formation of the Middle West. Chapter XV of Part III is the nearest approach to the treatment of a type of folklore material that we find in the book; in it the author discusses that quaint character of the first half of the nineteenth century, Johnny Appleseed. The reader who likes and knows his folklore can get from the book a good idea of the folk material of the Middle West and its historical background and social setting.

It is indeed a pleasure to recommend this book to all interested in the many-sided aspects of the development of the great Northwest Territory.

Miami University, Oxford, Ohio

WM. MARION MILLER.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

The Folktale, Stith Thompson. New York: The Dryden Press, 1946. \$6.00.

A comprehensive discussion of the great folktales of the world and what is known about them. To be reviewed.

Folk Songs of Old Vincennes, Cecilia Ray Berry. Chicago: H. T. FitzSimmons Company, Inc., 1946. \$2.00.

Thirty-eight French songs with translations and music. To be reviewed.

Fidelity Folks, Gordon Wilson. Cynthiana, Kentucky: Hobson's Book Press, 1946. \$2.00.

Humorous Folk Tales of the South Carolina Negro, J. Mason Brewer. Orangeburg, South Carolina: South Carolina Folklore Guild, Claflin College, 1945. \$1.00.

MEMBERSHIP IN THE HOOSIER FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Membership in the Hoosier Folklore Society is two dollars a calendar year. This is open to individuals, schools, and libraries anywhere in the United States. Members receive **HOOSIER FOLKLORE**, a quarterly for the publication of folklore of Indiana and neighboring states. Single copies may be purchased for fifty cents each.

JOINT MEMBERSHIP IN HOOSIER FOLKLORE SOCIETY AND AMERICAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Joint membership in the Hoosier Folklore Society and the American Folklore Society is available at a special rate of five dollars a year to Indiana residents and to Indiana schools and libraries. Individual members receive **HOOSIER FOLKLORE**, **THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE** and **MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY** as issued.

Institutional members (schools and libraries) receive **HOOSIER FOLKLORE** and **THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE**.

Applications for membership and membership dues for 1947 should be mailed promptly to Mrs. William Hugh Jansen, Treasurer, Hoosier Folklore Society, 729 E. Hunter, Bloomington, Indiana.

Members are urged to secure new members for the society and to contribute manuscripts for publication.

STANDARD ABBREVIATIONS OF PERIODICALS REFERRED TO IN NOTES AND ARTICLES

CFQ =CALIFORNIA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY
HF =HOOSIER FOLKLORE
HFB =HOOSIER FOLKLORE BULLETIN
JAFL=JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE
MAFS=MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY
NYFQ=NEW YORK FOLKLORE QUARTERLY
SFQ =SOUTHERN FOLKLORE QUARTERLY